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Oh lavandière, charming lavandière!
 You talk no English, I no Italian;
 So we neither will ever feel so queer
 As we might if you understood this rallyin';
 But you wring my heart, as you wring that shirt;
 And a suicide's might be my demeanor,
 Thus cooling love's thirst and healing love's hurt, —
 If that fountain was somewhat deeper and cleaner!

Tradition has it that this really striking tribute to the beauty of the "girl of the fountain," has by some means got abroad among the sisterhood, and has the effect of inducing a certain additional spruceness in costume, and a certain increased archness of demeanor, threatening the most serious results to others of the touring fraternity who may chance to be subjected at once to their art of manner, and their artillery of dark eyes. "Forewarned is forearmed," however, and the annual crossings of the Alps are not likely to be decreased by the knowledge of this dangerous beauty lying in wait at the foot.

DOES GOD MIND THE CLOUDS?

Does God mind the clouds?
 Does he note that this one
 Is glowing in purple,
 While that one is dun?
 Does he care that another
 Is all rent in seams
 To let down the light
 Of the sun's penciled beams?

Does God mind the clouds?
 Do you think he will care
 When that bright scarlet waif
 In the far-western air
 Trembles, shimmers, and fades
 In the clear golden light,
 Till it yields up its soul
 And is lost to the sight?

Does God mind the clouds?
 Does he see that their forms
 Are rent by the whirlwinds
 And torn by the storms?
 Does he care that the flash
 Of the lightning's red wings
 Should bring terror and wrath
 To such vanishing things?

Does God mind the clouds?
 Living things have his care,
 All the beasts of the field
 And the fowls of the air.
 All the flowers, too, he clothes
 In habiliments proud,
 But do you suppose
 He would care for a cloud?

—Francena Gore.

PROSPECTS OF THE CENTENNIAL. — The gathering of 1876 at the City of Brotherly Love, as well as the collection of articles from all nations exhibited there, will be among the largest yet known since the commencement of international exhibitions. Most of the countries of Europe, finding one of their most profitable markets in America, will carefully look to it that their goods are put freely before the collective American eye that will there be embodied; and it is not within the bounds of possibility that the American people will allow any of their departments to be bare or unattractive!

RHADAMANTHUS'S GENIUS-GARDEN.

RHADAMANTHUS STRONG had determined that at least one of his family should be brilliant and distinguished in some walk of life. Rhadamanthus adored greatness. The shadow that fell upon him from the form of a distinguished person made him happy. He

had made the most of all his own gifts; and very creditable they were. He could write a little, could compose a little music, paint a very decent picture, and make an excellent impromptu speech. He was called by maiden ladies and those who were particular in phrase, "gifted:" the vulgar called him "smart," or "clever."

But Rhadamanthus knew that he was not filled

up works on education and the development of the natural tendencies; found to his satisfaction that his boy Horace had, so far as his early years could show, a most excellent disposition to cultivate.

Then came Minerva, although called Daisy by her mother, who declared that Minerva was frightful for a baby, but might do later on; and Rhadamanthus saw in her the possibilities of the higher graces in

life. She should be a fine musician, or an authoress — a poetess perhaps; and her education was also carefully guarded, so that only the choicest book-thoughts of both the living and dead should find a lodgment in her mind.

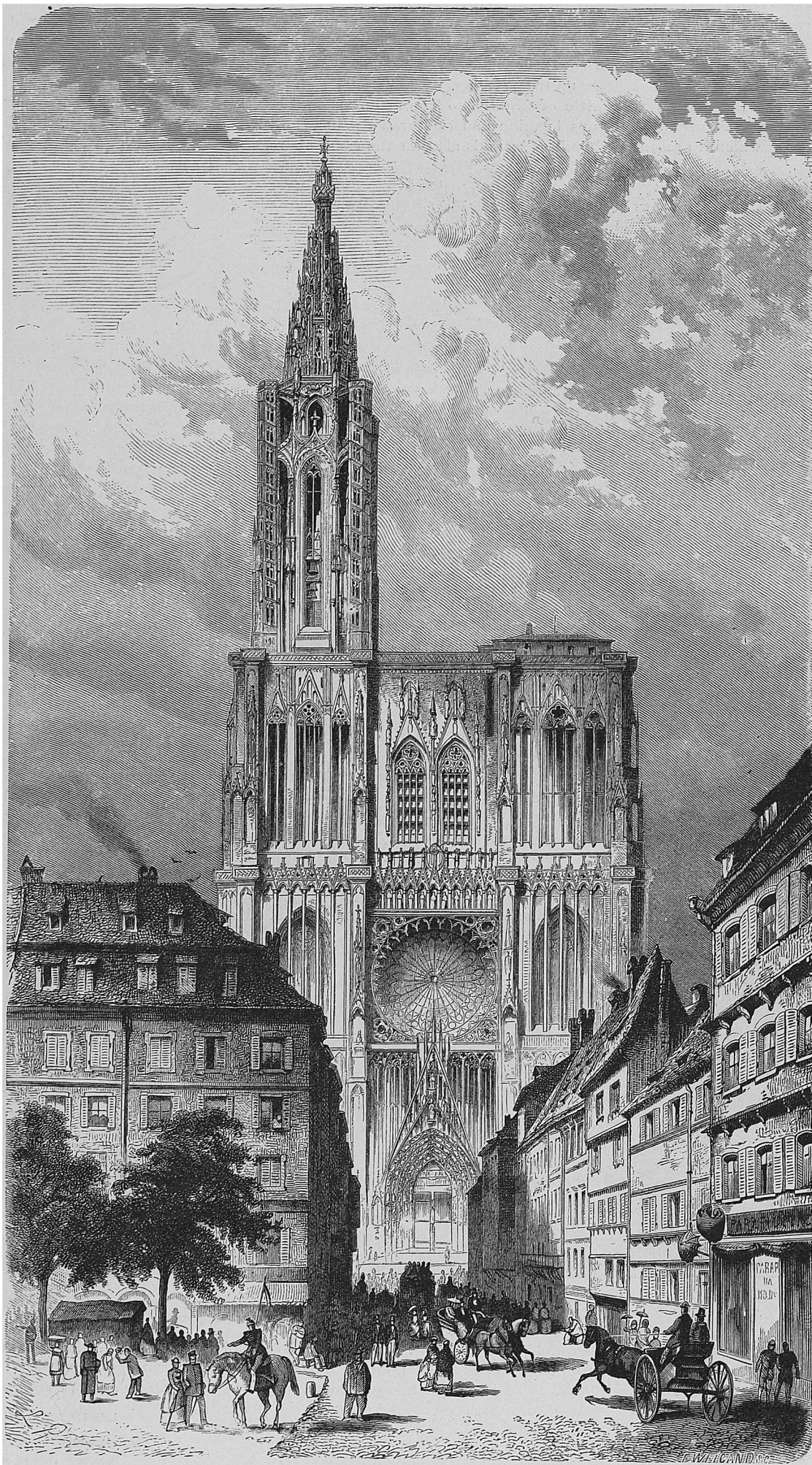
Minerva was beautiful, soft-eyed, regular-featured, gentle and docile, as the fondest parent could wish; and they waited with pleasant impatience for her coming to womanhood and developing into the brilliant woman for whom they had fondly hoped.

There was another child; but this one was rather a grief than a hope to Rhadamanthus. She was such a homely, contrary little creature — self-willed, and with the most frightful phrenological bumps, that well nigh drove the father to despair. There seemed only one thing that her father could account for to prove that she was his child, and that was a spice of originality, although he was forced to confess that it was originality of a capacious and wayward kind. He was obliged to study hard over modes and plans as to her education, as all ordinary methods failed. She was at times incorrigible, and plagued and tormented mother, father, brother, sister and nurse, to a degree little short of unendurable. However, Rhadamanthus concluded that "there must be a black sheep in every flock," and determined to bear with the best philosophy possible the waywardness and want of good qualities in this his youngest, by dwelling on the virtues and graces of his two elder-born.

Horace grew to manhood, passed his college examination easily, took his degree, and became a lawyer. It was true he was not noticed for any particular talent; but he was the recipient of the highest encomiums from masters and professors, and certainly started from his Alma Mater well freighted with the hopes of this life. Minerva proved herself a most excellent girl in the seminary where she graduated, and

passed a creditable examination.

Upon his daughter's coming home, the father informed her that now he expected her to improve in everything that she had begun — that her education was not complete, but with proper study and discipline he was certain that she would become a brilliant woman. Her brother, he remarked, could not find a place in the nation's councils (as it was those honors he coveted for him) until he grew older; but she, with the privilege of her sex as to age, could show her capacities at the full, as soon as she was so



STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL.

with the divine fire: he was not at all mistaken as to his abilities, and was very modest in regard to them. But when he married a very original woman, he congratulated himself that between culture and taste on one side and originality on the other, they might expect in their children genius, or at least something that would make a declared mark in the world.

So when his first-born, a boy, appeared, he began to hope that he would certainly clutch the honors which had not fallen to his father's lot. He studied